

# The Washington Times

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## Quick Justice.

Ex-Mayor Samuel J. McCue of Charlottesville has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. The crime of which he stands convicted was committed September 4, barely more than sixty days ago. Regarding the outcome as based upon the testimony and the testimony true, this is an exhibition of justice quickly applied.

It is rare that a rich man, or one having influential friends, can be convicted of heinous crime, even though the case against him is clear. If convicted, he can secure an endless procession of stays or trials until the prosecution, worn out or disgusted, permits the case at last to be taken from the docket. The pleasing illusion that all men are equal before the law is still cherished, but there are few incidents of record to sustain faith in it.

This country, holding the championship in many things, holds that for murders and for lax enforcement of the law. It is time, and more than time, to reform, for late is better than never. Sixty days seems a short span to elapse between a murder and the verdict of the jury. Indeed, in the United States, it is fairly to be deemed extraordinary. Yet it ought to be enough to cover any emergency but the unpreventable absence of witnesses, and it should mean something instead of being the first step in a series of technical and useless formalities.

Convict murderers within sixty days, inflict the punishment within another equal period, and there will soon be a lessening of the shocking toll. Murderers loose their passions because they are students of events to the extent of knowing that they run small risk of serious inconvenience.

## The City Without Shame.

Every newspaper which comprehends in its view the affairs of the whole nation must have commented by now—as The Times has done more than once—upon the supine helplessness with which the city of Philadelphia contemplates the control of its vote next week by a gang of political degenerates. Other cities have suffered the rule of rings. Other cities have submitted indifferently to the perversion of their elections. But no other community in America has ever looked so indolently and carelessly on the efforts of its true citizens to redeem it from degradation.

Today the whole community has been warned that in many wards sixty per cent of the total registration is fraudulent; that lawbreakers all over the city despise the courts and ridicule their pretensions of control; that a public official, who is notorious as a partner with criminals, is guaranteeing a protection which the courts cannot supervise; and that the police are being made ready to serve their masters of the ring, to the discredit of all good government.

What is being done? What is it proposed to do? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

The third city of the Union is content with that state of affairs. It is true a committee of clergymen has voiced a protest, and hopes some day to amend the elections laws so that in the future they may provide for a personal registration. But nothing, absolutely nothing, is proposed as a means of preventing the fraud openly planned and defiantly announced as the controlling factor in the coming election.

The "Philadelphia Record" is not a sensational newspaper. Its worst enemy would not call it hysterical. Read what it says of next Tuesday's election, with all the authority and indorsement its editorial columns can convey:

"Fraud will be rampant at the polls on Tuesday next. Mayor Weaver will sit snug in his place and not lift a hand to stop it. The police will be acquiescent or actively assistant. The gang will rejoice over the result, with red-fire demonstrations. The wretched strumpets of the press will make strident acclamations of glorious victory. The delegation of senators and representatives sent to Harrisburg will be of the same subservient, boneless, brainless and lickspittle variety which for many years past has spoken for 'the organization' and not for the people of this great city."

And the whole nation will look on in dismay.

## Glasgow's Example.

Glasgow was the first city to undertake the ownership and management of its transit facilities. The experiment was a greater success than even its proponents had hoped. The example is of value to every municipality in the world, and some have undertaken to follow, with every promise of an equal success.

To glance at the Glasgow achievement is instructive. The private management was anxious to retain its grasp, and to wrest the service away, at the same time doing no injustice, required a struggle the outcome of

which was in itself a notable victory. Since then the traffic has grown, fares greatly reduced, the conditions of employees bettered, and the treasury enriched. All this is worth thinking about.

Today the average fare in Glasgow is 1.84 cents, while about one-third of the passengers travel at a 1-cent rate. Ten years ago employees worked longer hours, the service was poorer, and the fares higher, in instances as much as 100 per cent. Yet in this interval the revenue devoted to this purpose has written off a quarter of the capital cost of all the lines. In thirty years there will be freedom from debt. Then it is expected that fares will be lowered so as merely to cover the cost of maintenance and operation.

Glasgow builds its own cars, and freely makes needed track extensions. The cars are of the best type, and whereas in former years they had been marred by advertising, nothing of this sort is permitted now. The monetary loss by this change is estimated at \$50,000 annually, and the explanation is that it is done for "esthetic reasons," good enough reasons, truly.

To follow the experiment into all its detailed workings is impossible. Enough to say that it was inaugurated because the people objected to corporate greed and callousness, that they decided to correct abuses, and have done so, not only to their satisfaction, which they had expected, but to their profit, which came as a pleasant surprise.

## Words of Caution.

Today is Sunday. It is a day set apart for thankful worship. It should be always a sober, serious day. And the imminence of the election ought not to interfere with its regular observance.

So the following caution is offered: Either read the morning papers in bed and have it out with your family at the breakfast table, or stay indoors all day and thus avoid talking politics with the neighbors.

Buy three different Sunday papers—two which exploit your views, and one which does not—and sandwich the opposition paper between the two of your own party.

Paste a piece of paper over the opposition cartoon.

Choose the longest editorial at the outset and make the rest of the family listen while you read it aloud.

Go to church by all means. But walk home alone.

Whatever Judge Parker may say in answer to Colonel Roosevelt, reflect that he is a God-fearing man, and that you ought at least to bear yourself like one.

Finally—consider the Bible's teaching of humility, and no matter if the issue in your election district does depend upon your opinion and the result in the State upon your election district, remember to be merciful as you are powerful. It is well to let religion sink in occasionally.

## Inhumanity to Children.

A copyrighted article from the pen of Mrs. John A. Logan bears the above title. The spirit of the writing accords with the impulses of kindness. The crime of inhumanity, with helpless childhood as its victim, is one that stirs the normal understanding to indignant protest. In many instances this crime cannot be charged against the individual who seems to be responsible. It rests upon society at large, and arraignment for parental neglect is effort misdirected and wasted.

Mrs. Logan has taken a peculiar view in that she champions the cause of the country boy and girl. She says they work too long and too hard, that they are barred from amusements and educational advantages, nor instructed in the niceties of living. "They have no recreation. Their school days are few and far between."

It is pleasing to state that in regard to a large proportion of farming communities, the good lady is mistaken. That some country boys and girls are subject to all the disadvantages she names, pitifully enough, is true. Yet, compared to the environment of the poverty-ridden swarms that infest the great cities, that of the country youth is enviable. The city youngster, scion of poverty, lives in an atmosphere of moral and physical filth. There is not even air that is fit to breathe. The sunshine, falling only in fleeting strips between tall houses, the abodes of misfortune, is sifted through smoke, and up to meet it rises from the pave the invisible evil brood of disease. There are schools within reach, but necessity sends the child to labor early, or there may be inability to clothe the boy or girl so as to be presentable. They grow up in the streets, about them every influence debasing. They do not get enough to eat, and much they do get is unfit.

Of course, this is not applicable to the child of wealthy or well-to-do parentage, but neither is the portrayal by Mrs. Logan in any measure suggested by the life known to the children of the prosperous farmer. In every city the men of prominence remember the days on the farm, the pleasant pasture and meadow, the pilgrimage through shaded lanes to the school house, the rambles in the woods, the lowing of the cattle, the sweet breath of the fields and the gurg-

ous tints of fall. And the memory is ever dear to them, and they are thankful they have it.

If the country lad works too hard at least he wins the reward of a sound body. When old enough to strike out for himself he can choose the city, but until then he is no candidate for condoleances.

## Social Depravity.

Reformers have much to say concerning the depraved. Some of these reformers are earnest and humane. They do more than talk. To them criminology is to be studied, not with the end of devising punitive measures, but in a search for causes. For the unfortunate who has been guilty of theft they find a genuine pity. They say: "Why did this man become a criminal? Was it not due to reasons that may be remedied? Let us find and remove them." A similar spirit extends to the abandoned woman of the pave.

Doubtless, out of this kindly agitation there comes a substantial good. Yet, in search for the degraded, and the influence that has compassed their undoing, there is not always occasion to scan the lowest social stratum.

Just now the papers of New York are filled with accounts of the conduct of a young man who is the scion of a millionaire family. He seems to have been ordered from a hotel, together with a chorus girl, after he had refused to register himself and her as husband and wife. His association with this girl had been notorious.

The family is deeply concerned. It deprecates the possibility that the pair may be married, although for them to be married would be their only chance to be decent. A proper concern might be that this glided youth had neglected the formality of a wedding, for indubitably, the girl, whatever she may be, is as good as he is; but no such concern is felt. The sole fear is that the son has taken the only manly course. If he has done this, he is to be cut off from the large income it has been his wont to waste, but if he has merely displayed on two continents an open and shameless defiance of law and convention, he is to be welcomed, and his stipend continued.

If this is not an instance of depravity, glaring and vulgar, there is immediate necessity for creation of a name for it. It also may afford diversion for the reformers who have confined their investigations to the slums.

The mother of this girl says she will horsewhip the fellow and spank the girl. So far she is the only person directly interested in the episode who has spoken a word of sense.

## Points in Paragraphs.

And this was to have been a campaign without mud!

Dr. Wiley's efforts to have all bad whisky banished would, if successful, seriously curtail the visible supply.

## An English Croesus.

So much are they overshadowed by the American brand that something of surprise follows the occasional reminder that the English subject produces multi-millionaires of his own. Charles Julius Wernher has recently called attention to his vast wealth by the costly work he has undertaken at Luton Hoo, the fine country seat which he purchased from the executors of the late Mme. de Falbe, for \$1,000,000.

It is a magnificent place. As much more is to be expended to render it a fitting residence for the senior member of the great South African firm of Wernher, Beit & Co.

Three hundred men are engaged in carrying out the alterations and additions to the place. Among them are some scores of Italian stone-workers and French and Belgian plasterers. Mr. Wernher will employ only the best artisans in their respective lines.

The huge house is being enlarged by one story. The massive stone walls and the superb Corinthian pillars at the main entrance are to remain. The interior is to be entirely remodeled with the exception of the chapel in the west wing, which is to be spared on account of its rich oak carvings.

## Changes in the Park.

The park itself is greatly changed in accordance with the designs of the distinguished landscape artist. One of the lakes, a mile and a quarter long, has been drained.

This has given rise to the rumor that the architect, Mr. Whittaker Wright, of tragic memory, Mr. Wernher intends to provide a cool retreat for himself in hot weather in the form of a subterranean palace.

Private golf links are laid out. Arrangements have been made for plentifully stocking the place with game. One part of the estate is to be set aside for zebrak, elands and other habitats of the African wilds.

In recognition of the source of Mr. Wernher's wealth it has already been dubbed the "Diamond Palace." When completed it will be fit for a king, and probably the King will be entertained there.

## Royal Hobbies.

Little that royalty does nowadays escapes observation. The more learned of these great folk are very like ordinary folk.

That is shown by their hobbies to which attention has just been called by the announcement that the King of Italy's zeal for collecting coins had led to his joining the Numismatic Society.

Most characteristic of all royal hobbies, perhaps, is that of the Kaiser who, in handsomely bound volumes, preserves the clippings sent by his agents in various parts of the world of things that have appeared in print about him. If their number affords any true index of fame, then the Kaiser has some reason to consider himself the greatest man in the world.

The crown prince's hobby is a rather commonplace one since it is shared by millions. He has fallen victim to the popular pastime of bridge.

Toughly pretty and feminine, if by no means original, is the hobby of the

# CHAT AND GOSSIP OF LONDON FOLK

Ingenious Queenie Causton Soon to Wed.

MUCH IS EXPECTED OF HER

Multi-Millionaire Spends a Fortune on Costly Country Seat—Fads of Royalty.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—Society folk here—particularly the Americans—are looking forward to the debut as a hostess of Miss Queenie Causton, whose engagement has just been announced. They expect her to introduce many charming innovations in the business of entertaining.

This witty and beautiful girl, who is the daughter of George Causton, and who will espouse Captain Oakley, of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers, has greatly impressed the fashionable world by her originality.

Her coming out ball, two years ago, was one of the really notable events of the season. It occurred at her father's Upper Brook Street, and was marked by a charming novelty of Miss Causton's own devising.

## Introduced in a Sedan.

When the guests had all assembled she was brought into the hallwood in a quaint old sedan chair of the kind much affected by our fashionable grandmothers. It was decorated, inside and out, with superb white roses. The arms of the supports were festooned with rings of the same beautiful flowers.

Stepping forth from this antique conveyance the white-robed debutante made her bow to society. She distributed the roses as mementos of the occasion. In one of the cotillion figures the girls wore the rose garlands as bracelets on their arms.

Ever since this picturesque debut Miss Causton has been one of the reigning favorites in society. At this ball, by the way, some of the cotillion presents consisted of dainty work bags made from costly brocade, which, rumor had it, had been looted from the royal palace at Pekin.

## Cuts Considerable Figure.

Mr. Causton cuts a considerable figure both in the commercial and social world. He was at one time chairman of the Chartered Company, which is just now in such bad repute, but severed his connection with it because he would not stand for the Jameson raid. He is now the controlling spirit in the Pekin syndicate which has valuable Chinese concessions.

Besides his town residence, he owns the old family manor, at Causton, in Norfolk. Another at Kingston Hill, on the Thames, was purchased from the Dowager Lady Wolverton, after she had expended \$150,000 in restoring the historic pile.

From it one gets a glimpse of one of Lord Dunsany's seats, Kenry House, which has been nicknamed "Honeyroom House," because it is usually occupied by some newly-married to whom the earl has loaned it. He does the same thing with some of his other houses, in a laudable effort to encourage matrimony.

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# American Gastronomy Holds Sway in England

Waldorf-Astoria Recipes Tickle the Palates of Epicurean Britons—Dietic Frills for the Table.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—"Westward, the course of empire takes its way," France has long exercised supreme gastronomic sway over the fashionable British stomach, but now America threatens to successfully dispute her rule.

A significant sign of the impending change is seen in the number of American recipes—with American names attached to them, too—which figure in up-to-date menus at smart dinners and luncheons. They are more particularly noticeable in the matter of salads, desserts, and what one might term the dietetic frills of the table as distinguished from the coarser viands which suffice to satisfy the mere cravings of hunger.

It is on such things that the true culinary artist depends for his best effects which leave behind them a haunting memory of gastronomic joys. And it is to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York that the best London chefs now look most keenly for appetizing novelties.

As regards candy the highest reputation in London has for some years been held by an American house. It is there the young man takes his best girl when he wants to convince her that his devotion rises superior to all considerations of economy.

Princess of Wales. In a dainty vellum-bound volume she records the first words spoken by her children, and their quaintest sayings as they grow up.

## A Skilled Photographer.

The Queen, who, it is well known, is a skillful amateur photographer, collects photographs taken by herself of scenes and places she has visited. It constitutes a veritable pictorial autobiography.

The Prince of Wales contracted the stamp-collecting mania when he was a small boy and still sticks to it. With such exceptional opportunities as he enjoys it is needless to say by this time his collection of stamps is superb.

Of more artistic interest is his collection of posters—miniature and full size. The German Emperor goes in for fans, and possesses a quaint and gorgeous collection of them. It includes a fan shot by the Kaiser—and it was one of those shots in which a sportsman may take pride, which are rather rare in royal battues—soon after their marriage.

## Pensions for Statesmen.

When a Cabinet official in America returns to private life he is expected, as a matter of course, to take upon himself the burden of providing his own living. Here, if he apply for it, he may obtain a handsome pension.

Radicals are kicking over the discovery that Lord Cross, now eighty-one, has in this way drawn \$13,800 from the public treasury. His pension amounts to \$10,000 a year.

During his two terms of office as home secretary, extending over more than six and a half years, he drew a salary of \$5,000 a year, over three as much as any American Cabinet minister is paid.

Altogether Lord Cross has received from the public treasury \$290,000. It is the opinion of it is a great deal more than he has been worth to it.

Lord George Hamilton draws a similar pension. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gets one of \$6,000.

## WILL VOTE FOR ROOSEVELT.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I am a Southern soldier. I fought four years in defense of the cause of all sorry, but was just. I am not at all sorry, because that war had to be, it came, and it left us a united nation, and the greatest people on earth. I was wounded five times, and carry two Yankee bullets in my person now, mementos of the bloody strife. When the war closed I quit fighting the Yankees, both with my gun and my mouth, and prided myself on being a good Union man. I have never held a Southern office. I voted the Democratic ticket until Mr. McKinley was nominated, and being a free American citizen I voted for him and his mates twice.

I shall vote for Mr. Roosevelt. Why? Because the country continues in prosperity, and because his party is not one of stringency and does not have for its battle cry: Economy! The Republicans make big appropriations, liberal, and give the people plenty of work. We fought for the Philippines, we should keep them, and if Parker were elected those poor people would be abandoned, left to starve and die, and nothing but anarchy, war, and misery would be theirs; the Panama Canal, which we have wanted for three-quarters of a century, would be dropped out of existence, and we would progress backward twenty years.

But it seems that I, who left my native State—Kentucky—with father and brother in 1861, and fought four years for the South, being a Southern soldier, have no right to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. The Southerners are permeated with the idea that it is a disgrace to me. My Southern friends have not the perception to see that ever since the war they have voted for Northern men for Presidents, most of whom fought against the South or abused it with tongue and pen. General Hancock, Mr. Greeley, et al. And I, because I am satisfied with the good Government and progress and prosperity, am abused because I vote the Republican ticket, and am howled at as a traitor to the South!

Am I obliged to vote Democracy (stinginess) because I was a Southern soldier? It seems so. And you can hear these fellows from the Sunny South, who are clerks in the departments under the patronage of President Roosevelt, abuse like life a pickpocket, call him a nigger whooper, and all the names in the calendar. I believe all Presidents and ex-Presidents should be spoken of by respect, no matter to what party he belongs, and these same men in office, and who don't like, should resign, for they are getting their living from and through his patronage.

"Teddy" was a brave soldier, he is also a fearless, brave politician, and honest. He was a good civil officer, he has risen on his own merits and has succeeded because he has talent and energy. He comes nearer to being a Southern man than any other who has run, for his mother was a Southern woman, her people fought in the Southern army, and if those fellows in office who are always abusing don't like him and his dangerous (?) policy, their resignations, I have no doubt, will be accepted, for they are living off his patronage.

I say hurrah for Roosevelt, on whose honesty, uprightness of character and morality there is not a stain. Although in the last gasp of despair Mr. Parker has assailed him, he will live to regret his "wicked falsehood" and see Mr. Roosevelt next President.

Hurrah for prosperity, talent, liberality, expansion, and honesty, represented by Mr. Roosevelt and Fairbanks!

Washington, November 5. J. R. W.

WADE HAMPTON IN BRONZE.

Gen. Wade Hampton, one of the favorite heroes of the Southland, is to have a fine monument to his memory at Columbia, S. C. Frederick Rausch, who designed the allegorical group in Baltimore, called "The Spirit of the Confederacy," and many other "thoughts in bronze," has been chosen as the sculptor.

The commission in charge has had great difficulty in deciding upon the proper form to represent a man endeared to the hearts of his people in varied ways, but it is now their purpose to show the gallant general at about the close of the war.

That during the greater part of the war General Hampton wore a full beard, but the commission is eager to show him as he was best known to the people of his State, and he is to be pictured with his chin shaved, or rather with the style that he adopted and wore in later years.

The figure will, of course, be clad in the uniform of a Confederate lieutenant-general. After the model has been made the bronze will be cast in Paris.

## GREATNESS THRUST UPON HIM.

The little quarterback was lamenting that he had not been born great. Moreover, he was twenty-one years old and had attained his full growth, so there was no chance for him to achieve greatness.

Just then the big fullback of the opposing team bucked the line like a catapult.

The little quarterback dived for his knees, tripped up the giant and fell underneath him.

"Ah, ha," he said, almost before they had time to get out of the ground. "At last I have had greatness thrust upon me."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

# CAVALRY DRILLS AND VAUDEVILLE

Features of Entertainment at Fort Myer.

OF ARMY AND NAVY LEAGUE

Proceeds of Friday's Fete Goes to Support Home for Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines.

Through the energy and activity of many prominent Washington women an entertainment will be given next Friday at Fort Myer in aid of the soldiers, sailors, and marines of the United States service. These women comprise the Women's Army and Navy League, and their efforts are directed toward the uplifting of the American soldier, and to furnishing him with such things as will make his lot in the service of Uncle Sam a happy one.

Each year some sort of entertainment is given under the auspices of the league whereby the soldiers are benefited. The league has a home for soldiers, sailors, and marines in C Street, between Third and Fourth and a-half Streets northwest, and this is used by the men under the same regulations as a men's club.

Varied Entertainment.

The entertainment will last from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 7 in the evening, and during all that time visitors will be amply provided with amusement. Vaudeville, fortune tellings, and all kinds of interesting booths will be counted among the features.

Chief of the numbers provided by the committee, and through the courtesy of the commanding officer, Colonel Wallace, will be two drills, one at 2 o'clock and another at 4. This will be the first time that drills have ever been given at Fort Myer without the necessary cards of admission.

One drill will be by Troop C, Seventh Cavalry, under the command of First Lieut. Byron H. Humphrey and Second Lieut. John C. Montgomery, and another will be Troop N, of the Fifteenth Cavalry, with First Lieut. Francis H. Cameron and Second Lieut. Charles Burnett. In addition to the cavalry drills there will be exhibitions by the Third Battalion of Field Artillery, Capt. C. P. Summerville, commanding, and by the Fourth Battalion of Field Artillery, under the command of Captain Foote.

List of Attractions.

Among the other attractions, which, by the way, are so numerous that two buildings will be utilized, are the following: Fortune telling, in charge of Mrs. Barroli; vaudeville, under the direction of Mrs. Atwater; fancy articles, Mrs. Matley; grab bags, Mrs. Mallory; refreshments, Mrs. Lambert; a bargain table, Mrs. Dubois; candy, Mrs. Keane; a miscellaneous booth, which promises to be among the most interesting in the hall, Mrs. Higgins; flowers, Mrs. Burr, and a "Golden Goose," under the direction of Mrs. Chester, which bids fair to reveal many marvels about its patronizing visitors.

In one of the buildings a hall will be reserved for dancing and any number of other affairs will be provided to repay visitors for their interest in the enlisted man's welfare. The vaudeville show, under the direction of Mrs. Atwater, is to be a continuous affair, beginning at 2 o'clock and continuing through the afternoon. Through the efforts of the chairman of the committee and many others assisting in the day's entertainment, a number of unusually talented people have been obtained and the program which are to be presented in both buildings, by all of the talent, will be vastly interesting.

## The Night Before Election.

'Twas the night before Election, and all through the land Everybody was sleeping, including the band.

All the prophets were prophing and harp galore Were claiming to have a straight tip on the score.

Clammy silence hung over Esopus as though The landscape was wrapped in a mantle of snow.

But everywhere else there was bustle and clang— The spellbinders bound and the welkin re-rang.